

Comin Thru'

Das EFX

Comin thru' wit my crew like this
Aah, I'm wit my crew like this, comin thru
Comin thru wit my crew like this
Uhh, wit my crew like this
Comin thru wit my crew like this
Boy what? wit my crew like this
Comin thru wit my crew like this
Uhh, wit my crew like this

Verse one: dray, skoob

Well yo, it's 1995 this the way my crew troop
I be the krayzie drayzie come to put'cha on the scoop
Like, to be a rapper nowadays is real handy
That's why all these niggas wanna be down like brandy
They huffin 'n' puffin but still ain't sayin nuffin
I see dem bluffin, they full of shit like stuffin
Uh, without rehearsal my style is universal
And I been drinkin st.ives before dem commercials
I puff a el everytime I gotta write again
So I can climb the fuckin charts like spiderman

Yo yo, I be the books but don't confuse me with scholasis
Boy, I'll still sink your head like I was st.john the baptist
Spot-blower especially when I'm not sober
Twisted in the head I'm seein red like october
Yo, the jibber-jabber, ain't a livin rapper deeper
Who get looser than the leaves up in my fuckin ? ? ? ?
Flavor like twice so you better rise up
Read the off-the-wall styles like ya game of flys up
No ruggle, I'm bout to shove anover
Blunt, where I two-talk, it's new york undercover
And I don't have pity, more raps than rap city
Got styles out the ass so call my raps shitty
Comin thru'

Chorus

Verse two: dray, skoob

I'm bringin it back wit my niggy, it's goin down no diggy
I riggity rock the miggity mic and got dreds like ziggy
Marley, don't own a harley, you're what they call me
Kickity krayzie drayzie on the mic so what you want g?
I'm rantin and ravin, still misbehavin
See I be causin trouble even since I started shavin
This ain't craig mack but black you know the flave
I briggity break that ass up just like super dave
I'm kiggity comin with a gangsta like boo boo
I put it thru you, ya stinkity stink like doo doo

Giggity guess who next up on deck for wreck?
Shit is on and my palms don't sweat
Forty days and nights get in some fights
To get this style piece and on before this water mic scored
Dat ass tried to slip a fast one by me
Claimin to represent the murderers like johnnie

Cochran, but ain't no stoppin when I'm diggity droppin
For dump, forgotten, the low down dirty rotten
Juvenile delinquents cos I still stink wit ghetto flavour
Distortin my behaviour (check it out)
Tootz, I'm in it for the panties, fuck the grammys
It's the books, style underground
Lounge with the tootz on some ol' major look-type shit
And when I come thru I'm wit my crew like this
Comin thru

Chorus

(comin thru wit my crew like this)
Comin thru, what? blowin up the spot, punk you know we never miss
(comin thru wit my crew like this)
(yeah yeah, I'm wit my crew like this)
Uh comin thru

conversation to end